

Belly, Red

Red, you look tired
You look older than your mother
Where should I not touch?
What should I not kiss?
Where does it hurt?
Red, in you slumber
You look younger, so much stronger
Honey on your breath
Heaven in your head
Where does it hurt?
Red, Red, Red, oh
Red, Red, Red, oh
So long in this house
It's a big one, full of scarecrows, even now so
You look ahead to the edge
Of a big metal sun over sunset, overheated, over
Over welcome home, our only son
Red, Red, Red, oh
Red, Red, Red, oh
Red, Red, Red, oh
Come over, open mouth like Venus
Come over, over mountain like Vesuvius
Send a rocket to Red and he goes coo-coo
Send a rocket to Red and he goes coo-coo
Come over, open mouth like Venus
Come over, over mountain like Vesuvius
Send a rocket to Red and he goes coo-coo
Send a rocket to Red and he goes coo-coo
Send a rocket to Red, send a rocket to Red